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H. M. S. PINAFORE

SULLIVAN

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FROM Mrs. Edna Coray Dyer

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SCENE AFTER PUNTER'S SONG

BAPT: Ave little Puntingus, and well I like you, you are the roundest, the roundest, and the roundest, roundest, roundest.

ALL: aye, aye.

DICK: ...for you will taste the sun's rays.

ALL: We do!

SCENE AFTER PUNTER'S SONG

BAPT: have you this time seen any other boat? Well, well, well.

ALL: No, no.

Ralph:whether he looks like a man or not, he's got his slack on the gun deck.

ALL: Ave, aye.

SCENE WITH SIR JEP, CAPTAIN AND ALL. 2:30

RALPH: A better doesn't walk the deck, and won't.

ALL: AYE, AYE.

SCENE AFTER SIR JEP'S SONG

RALPH: IS it not necessary to have a wife?

ALL: WELL SPOKE, WILLIAM.

DICK: ...equalities out of the question.

ALL: HORRIBLE HORRIBLE.

RALPH: ...of the honest love of man to man.

ALL: AYE, AYE.

RALPH: Have I not been on the same boat as that, the another?

ALL: AYE, AYE.

RALPH: Do you approve of my idea, William?

ALL: WE DO.

SCENE WITH ALL AND CAPTAIN AND SIR JEP.

ALL: ...the poorest dog in the navy is the best of the north fellow's trusty hounds.

ALL MEN AND WOMEN: VERY PRETTY, VERY PRETTY.

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TURN :
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clergymen shall take that one

TUNN:

TURN:
This

FRONT

BACK:

PARTN CT: night with bated breath and sniffling (or without a

FRONT: light, as still as

BACK: death, 'Ye' L. - See 1 a-

INTENT:
shore: A clergy

PARTNER:

One at half past

one, the other two
back;

FAPTN

Poses

- 1 - heron { long
2 - heron } without girl
- 3 - half heron - w/girl
- 4 - heron (attitude)
- 5 - heron "
- 6 - heron (customary attitude)
- 7 - heron (attitude)
- 8 - heroic "
- 9 - Full hero presentation  (page long)
- 10 - quarter audience turn - heron
- 11 - Biggie final presentational

H. M. S.
PINAFORÉ

OR,

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

AN

Entirely Original Nautical Comic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:
C. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO:
LYON & HEALY.

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J. E. DITSON & CO.

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2254

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

F
C
N

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.	First Lord of the Admiralty.
Capt. Corcoran	Commanding H. M. S. Pinafore.
Ralph Rackstraw	Able Seaman.
Dick Deadeye	Able Seaman.
Bill Bobstay	Boatswain's Mate.
Bob Becket	Carpenter's Mate.
Tom Tucker	Midshipmite.
Sergeant of Marines.	
Josephine	<i>The Captain's Daughter.</i>
Hebe	<i>Sir Joseph's First Cousin.</i>
Little Buttercup	<i>A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman.</i>
First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, etc.	

SCENE.—QUARTERDECK OF H. M. S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH.

ACT. I. — Noon. ACT II. — Night

“H. M. S. PINAFORE.”

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BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

H. M. S. "PINAFORE" OR THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

ACT I.

SCENE—Quarter-deck of H. M. S. "Pinafore." View of Portsmouth in distance. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.

No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

ALLEGRETTO PESANTE

The musical score consists of five staves of music for piano. The first staff is for the right hand (treble clef) and the second staff is for the left hand (bass clef). The music is in common time (indicated by '2' over '4'). The tempo is Allegretto Pesante. The score begins with a dynamic of **f** (fortissimo) in the right hand, followed by eighth-note chords in the left hand. The music then transitions through various chords and rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note figures and sustained notes. The key signature changes from C major to G major. The score is written on five staves, with the right hand occupying the top two staves and the left hand occupying the bottom three staves.

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OPENING CHORUS.

BASSI. *f*

We sail the ocean blue, And our saucy ship's a beauty; We're sober men and true, And at -

TENORI.

When the balls whis-tle free O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns all

- ten-tive to our du-ty; When the balls whis-tle free O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns all

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Portsmouth tide, We've plen - ty of time for play, A - hoy ! A -

day. When at an - chor we ride On the Portsmouth tide, We've plen - ty of time for play.

- hoy! Ahoy! A - hoy! We stand to our guns, to our guns all
 The balls whistle free O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns, to our guns all

day..... We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a
 day..... We sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

con 8va.

beauty; We're so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our
 beauty; We're so - ber men and true, And at - ten - tive to our du - ty; Our

8va

sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're at - ten - tive to our du - ty; We're
 sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're at - ten - tive to our du - ty; We're
f

so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - - cean blue.
 so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - - - cean blue.

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP. ⁸

No. 2.

RECITATIVE & SONG. Mrs. Cripps.

(Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with a large basket on her arm.)

MRS. CRIPPS. RECIT.

Hail! men-o'-wars-men, safeguards of your nation!
Here is an end at last of all pri-va-tion!

You've got your pay, spare all you can afford To welcome little But-ter-cup on board.

ALLEGRETTO

f

SONG. MRS. CRIPPS.

I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear little But-ter-cup, Though I could never tell why,

But still I'm call'd But-ter-cup, Poor little But-ter-cup, sweet little But-ter-cup, I.

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel - lent jacky; I've scissors and watches and knives.

I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces of pretty young sweet-hearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee, Soft tommy and suc - cu-lent chops.

rall.

I've chickens and conies, And pretty po-lo-nies, And ex-cellent peppermint drops.....

rall.

a tempo

..... Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear little But-ter-cup, Sailors should never be shy-

a tempo

So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy.....

con 8va

colla voce

f

BOAT. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for your'e the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spit-head.

BUT. Red, am I? and round, and rosy! May be; for I have dissembled well. But, hark ye, my merry friend, hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass; I can't say I've ever thought that.

(Enter DICK DEADEYE.)

DICK. I have thought it often. (All recoil from him.)

BUT. Yes, you look like it. What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of him, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly, too, ain't I?

BUT. You're certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

BOAT. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It's human nature. I'm resigned

No. 2a. RECITATIVE. Little Buttercup & Boatswain.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. RECIT.

But tell me, who's the youth whose faltering feet With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOATSWAIN.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—Ralph Rackstraw. Ralph! That name! Remorse! remorse!

attacca

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

SCENA— RALPH & CHORUS.

No. 3.
(Enter RALPH.)

ANDANTE.

Piano.

RALPH.

The Nightingale sigh'd for the moon's bright ray, *w...* And

told his tale in his own me-lo-dious way. *tr.....* He sang Ah, well *a-*

TENORS.

CHORUS.

RALPH.

pp BASSES. - day! He sang Ah, well *a* - day. The lowly vale for the moun - tain vainly

sighed; *tr.....* To his humble wail the ech - o-ing hills re-plied,

13

CHORUS.

RALPH.

..... And sang Ah, well - a - day! and sang Ah, well a - day.

I

dim.

8va-----

know the value of a kindly chorus, But cho-rus-es yield little con-so-la-tion When we have

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (Aside.)

pain and sorrow too, be-fore us! I love, and love, a-las! above my station, He

dim.

CHORUS. Unis. (Aside.)

loves, and loves a lass above his sta - tion! Yes, yes, the lass is much above his sta - tion!

learned he in aught, Save that which love hath taught, For Love hath been his tutor. Oh, pity, pity me! Our captain's daughter, she, and

I that low-ly suitor! Oh, pity, pity me, our captain's daughter, she, And I that low-ly sui - tor.

CHORUS OF MEN.
pp TENORS.

And he, and he that low - ly sui - tor.

pp BASSES.

And he, and he that low - ly sui - tor.

con 8va.

(Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

BOAT. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

DICK. No, no, captain's daughters don't marry foremast jacks.

ALL. (Recoiling from him.) Shame! Shame!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'.

RALPH. But it's strange that the daughter of a man who nalls from the quarter deck may not love another who lays

out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck or his slacks on the main deck.

DICK. Ah, it's a queer world!

RALPH. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

BOAT. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck, let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

MY GALLANT CREW.

No. 4.

RECIT., SONG & CHORUS—Capt. C.

RECIT. CAPT. C.

ALLEGRETTO

My gallant crew, good

morning!

CAPT. C.

CAPT. C.

morning!

I hope you're all quite well.

I am in

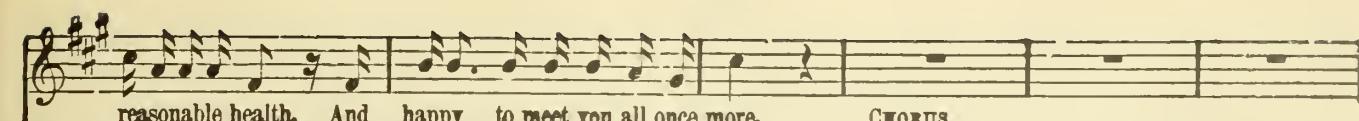
CHORUS. TENORS & BASSES. (Saluting.)

CHORUS.

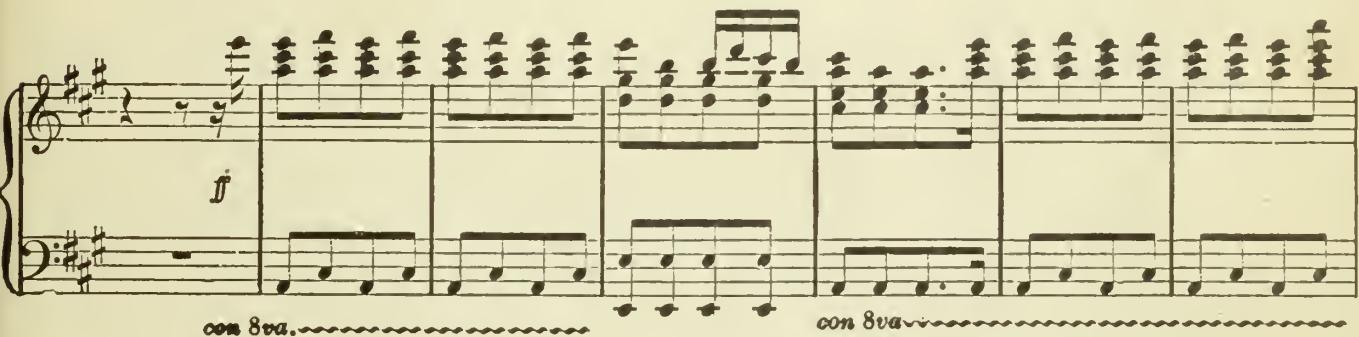
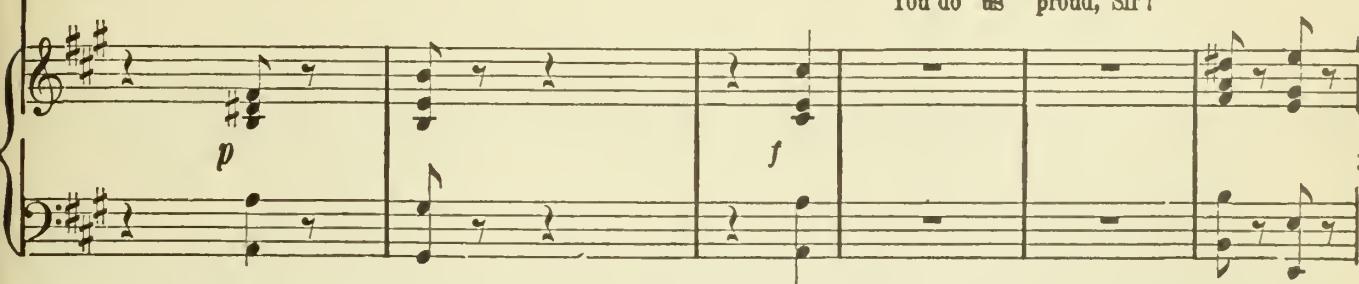
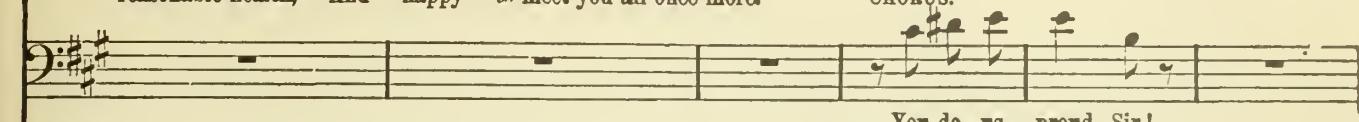
Sir, good morning!

Quite well; and you sir?

8va 8va 8va 8va



CHORUS.



CAPT. C.

1. I am the captain of the Pin - a - fore.
do my best to sat - is - fy you all.

CHORUS OF MEN.

1. And a
2. And with



You're ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it understood, I com -
You're ex - ceed-ing-ly po - lite, And I think it only right, To re -

right good cap - tain, too!
you we're quite con - tent!

- mand a right good crew.
- turn the com - pli - ment.

CHORUS.

We're ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it understood, He com -
We're ex - ceed-ing-ly po - lite, And he thinks it on - ly right To re -

Tho' re - la - ted to a peer, I can hand, reef and steer, Or
Bad language or a - buse I never, ne - ver use, What

- mands a right good crew.
- turn the com - pli - ment.

p

ship a sel - va - gee;
I am nev-er known to quail At the fu - ry of a gale, And I'm
ev - er the e - mer - gen - cy;
Though "bother it!" I may.... Oc - ca-sion-al-ly say, I

CAPT. C.

ne - ver, ne - ver sick at seal! No, never!
ne - ver use a big, big D! No, never!

CHORUS.
What, never?
What, never?
What, What,

CAPT. C.

TENORS.

dim.

Hardly ever!
Hardly ever!He's hardly ev - er sick at sea. } Then
Hardly ev - er swears a big, big D! }

BASSES.

never?
never?He's hardly ev - er sick at sea. }
Hardly ev - er swears a big, big D! }

dim.

never?
never?

He's hardly ev - er sick at sea. }
Hardly ev - er swears a big, big D! }

give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the har - dy captain of the Pin - a - fore! Then

p

Give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the har - dy captain of the Pin - a - fore! Then

p

con 8va.---

(Pause in second verse only.)

give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the captain of the Pin - a - fore!

give three cheers, and one cheer mere, For the captain of the Pin - a - fore!

8va-----

con 8va.

	1st time. CAPT. C.	2nd time.
		2nd verse. I

con 8va.-----

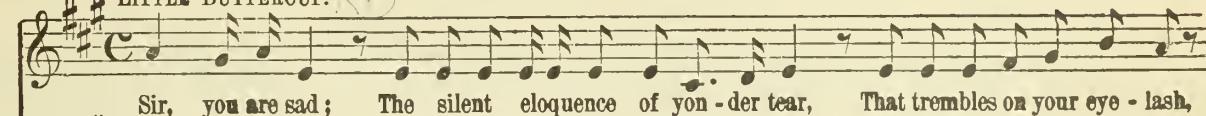
8va-----

(After Song, excunt all but CAPTAIN. Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

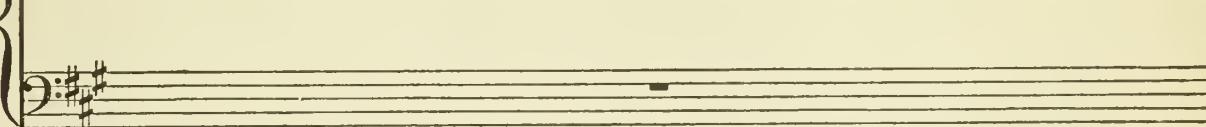
No. 4a. RECIT., Little Buttercup & Capt. Corcoran.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. *XB*

Voice.



Piano.



Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common; Confide in me; fear not, I am a mether!

CAPT. C.

Yes, little buttercup, I'm sad and sorry, My daughter Josephine, the fairest flow'r That ever blossom'd on ancestral

timber, Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter, Our Ad-mi-ral-ty's First Lord;

But for some rea - son she does not seem to tac - kle kind - ly to it.

BUTTERCUP. (With emotion.)

Tempo moderato

Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well... the

anguish of a heart that loves but vain - ly! But see! here comes your

(Exit.) CAPT. C. (Looking after her.)

most attractive daughter; I go,— fare-well! A plump and pleasing per - son.

Segue aria.

(Enter JOSEPHINE, holding some flowers which she carries in a small basket.)

SONG. SORRY HER LOT.

No. 5.

ANDANTE.

JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot.... who loves too well, Heavy the

heart that hopes but vain - ly; Sad.. are the sighs that own the spell Utter'd by eyes.. that speak too

plain - ly. Sorry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vain - ly.

rall.

From "H. M. S. PINAFORE."

*Un poco animato.**eres.*

Hea - vy the sor - row that bows.... the head, When love is a - live.... and

*Un poco animato.**cres.*

rall.

wa - ters. Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Sad is the night to earth's poor daughters.

Un poco animato.

cres.

Hea - vy the sor - row that bows... the head, When love is a - live.... and

Un poco animato.

cres.

hope is dead, When love is a-live and hope.... and hope is dead.

colla voce

him! I love him!

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this matter over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

Jos. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father: I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am prond. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never know it!

CAPT. You are my daughter, after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of female relatives that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter to your cabin—take this, his photograph, with you it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father!

(Embrace and exit. CAPTAIN remains.)

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

Jos. Ah, father, your words ent me to the quick! I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but, oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

CAPT. (Aside.) It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Jos. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

CAPT. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true—too true!

CAPT. A common sailor? Oh fie!

Jos. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love

OVER THE BRIGHT BLUE SEA.

No. 6. CHORUS OF WOMEN. (Behind the Scenes.)

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS. *p*

0 - ver the bright blue sea.... Comes Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B., Wher.
cres.

ANDANTINO.

- o - ver he may go.... Bang, bang the loud nine-pounders go; Shout o'er the bright blue

sea,.... For Sir Jo - seph Por - ter, K. C. B. Shout o'er the bright blue sea.... For Sir

Joseph Por - ter, K. C. B., For Sir Joseph Por - ter, K. C. B.....

dim. *p*

p *dim.* *p* *pp*

(During this the crows have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.)

WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE.

No. 7.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

BASSES. *p*

2:2 4

Sir Joseph's barge is seen, And his crowd of blushing beauty; We hope he'll find us
Allegretto come 1ma.

pp Staccato.

p TENORS.

We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a
 clean, And at - ten-tive to our duty; We sail, we sail the o - cean blue, And our sau - cy ship's a

cres.

beauty; We're so-ber, so-ber men and true, And at - ten-tive to our du - ty, So-ber, so-ber men and
cres.

beauty; We're so-ber, so-ber men and true, And at - ten-tive to our du - ty, So-ber, so-ber men and
cres.

cres.molto.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The top staff is for a soprano or alto voice, and the bottom staff is for a bass or tenor voice. The lyrics are: "We're smart and sober men, And quite devoid of fear, In all the Bay - a". The music consists of eight measures of music, with the bass staff continuing for an additional four measures.

EMMET SIE JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. *They dance round stage.*

N. You are so sweet as we are.

SOPRANOS.

SOPRANOS.

Gal - ly wading. Low - ly it song. Flock the maidens to the skipping; Gal - ly skipping, light -

skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping.

Sailors

TENORS & BASSES.

Flags, and guns, and pennants dipping, All the ladies love the shipping.

sprightly, al-ways rightly Welcome la - dies so po - lite - ly.

Ladies who can smile so brightly, Sailors welcome

Sailors sprightly al - ways right-ly Wel-come la - dies so po-
most po - lite-ly, welcome most po-lite - ly.

SOPRANOS.

- lite - ly. Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping, Gai - ly

TENORS.

We're smart and so - ber men, And quite devoid of fe - ar, In

BASSES.

Gai - ly trip - ping, light - ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the shipping, Gai - ly

p

trip - ping, light - ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the ship; Sailors sprightly always rightly Welcome

Legato.

all the roy - al N. None are so smart as we are; Ladies who can smile so brightly, Sailors

trip - ping, light - ly skipping, Flock the maidens to the ship; Sailors who can smile so brightly, Sailors

Legato.

mf

dim.

la - dies so po - lite ly,

welcome most po - lite ly,

so po - lite - ly. Gai - ly tripping, lightly skipping, Sailors always welcome

most po - lite - ly. Gai - ly tripping, lightly skipping, Sailors always welcome

ladies most po - lite ly.

ladies most po - lite ly.

pp

cres.

pp

pp

dim.

p

p.

p

NOW - GIVE THREE CHEERS.

No. 8.

Sir Joseph, Cousin Hebe, Boatswain & Chorus.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBE.)
CAPTAIN C. (From Poop.)

a tempo.

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

CHORUS. *f* SOPRANO.

f BASS. *f a tempo.*

Moderato.

SIR J. PORTER. (Advancing to front of stage.)
Vivace.

I am the mon - arch of the sea, The ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee, Whose

Vivace.

COUSIN HEBE.

praise great Bri - tain loud - ly chants; And we are his sis - ters and his cous - ins and his aunts.



CHORUS. SOPRANOS.

And we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

TENORS & BASSES.

And they are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.



SIR J. PORTER.

When at an - chor here I ride, My bo - som swells with



COUSIN HEBE.

pride, And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.





His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.



And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

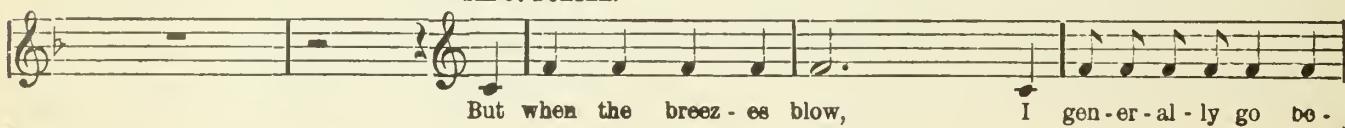
TENORS & BASSES.



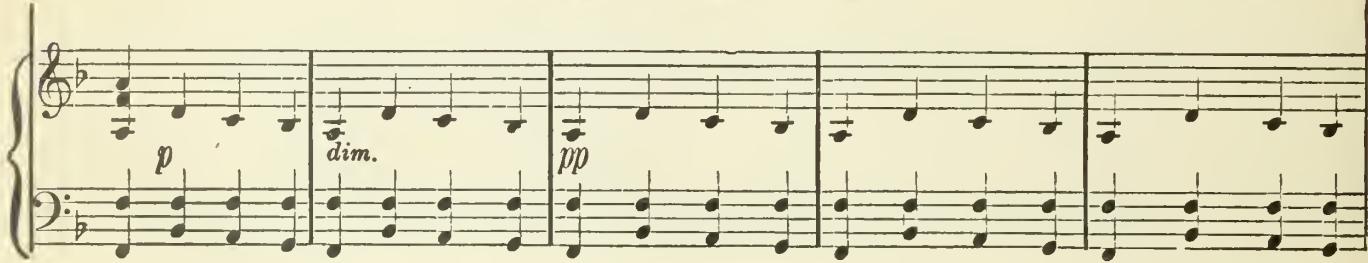
And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins and his aunts.



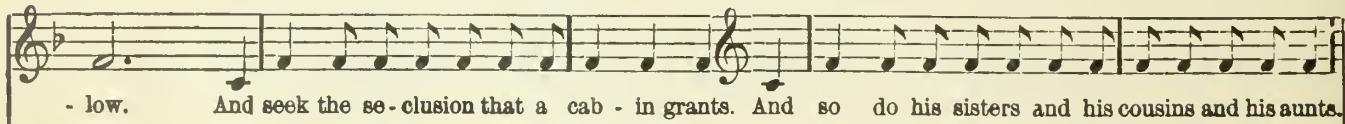
SIR J. PORTER.



But when the breez - es blow, I gen-er-al-ly go be -



COUSIN HEBE.



- low. And seek the se - clusion that a cab - in grants. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.



cres.

f

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His
cres.

SOPRANOS.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His

TENORS & BASSES. cres.

f

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His

cres.

f

sisters and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.....

sisters and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.....

sisters and his cousins, Whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts.....

f

Attacca.

SONG. WHEN I WAS A LAD.

No. 9.

Sir J. Porter & Chorus.

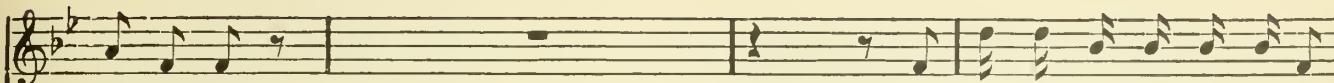
Allegro non troppo.

SIR J. PORTER.

1. When I was a lad I serv'd a term As
 2. As of - fice boy I made such a mark That they

of - fice boy to an Attorney's firm. I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, And I polished up the handle of the
 gave me the post of a junior clerk. I served the writs with a smile so bland, And I copied all the letters in a





big front door.
big round hand.

CHORUS.

I polish'd up the han - dle so
I cop - ied all the let - ters in a

He pol - ish'd up the handle of the big front door.
He cop - ied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

He pol - ish'd up the handle of the big front door.
He cop - ied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

0



care - ful - lee, That now I am the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.
hand so free, And now I am the rul - er of the Queen's Na - vee.

He pol - ish'd up the han - dle so
He cop - ied all the let - ters in a

He pol - ish'd up the han - dle so
He cop - ied all the let - ters in a



care - ful - lee, That now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.
 hand so free, And now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

care - ful - lee, That now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.
 hand so free, And now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

3 In serving writs I made such a name
 That an articled clerk I soon became ;
 I wore clean collars and a bran new suit
 For the pass examination at the Institute.
 And that pass examination did so well for me,
 That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—And that pass examination, &c.

4 Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
 That they took me into the partnership,
 And that junior partnership I ween
 Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
 But that kind of ship so suited me,
 That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—But that kind, &c.

5. I grew so rich, that I was sent
 By a pocket borough into Parliament ;
 I always voted at my party's call,
 And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
 I thought so little they rewarded me,
 By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—He thought so little, &c.

6. Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
 If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
 If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
 Be careful to be guided by this golden rule,—
 Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
 And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS.—Stick close. &c.

SIR JOS. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.
CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOS. (Examining a very small midshipman.) A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.
CAPT. A splendid fellow, indeed, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOS. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.
CAPT. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOS. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.
CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOS. No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind, eh?
CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph!
SIR JOS. What, never?
CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.
SIR JOS. (Reproving.) Don't patronize them, Sir, pray don't patronize them.
CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOS. That you are their Captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.
CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.
SIR JOS. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.
CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, come here. *ON BOARD*
SIR JOS. (Sternly.) If what?
CAPT. I beg your pardon—
SIR JOS. If you please.
CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (RALPH steps forward.)
SIR JOS. You're a remarkably fine fellow.
RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOS. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.
RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honor, though I say it who shouldn't.
SIR JOS. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?
RALPH. No, your honor.
SIR JOS. That's a pity; all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?
RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honor.
ALL. Hear!
SIR JOS. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?
RALPH. I can hum a little, your honor.
SIR JOS. Then hum this at your leisure. (Giving him MS. music.) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.
CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.
BOAT. Beg pardon. If what, your honor?
CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand yon.
BOAT. If you please, your honor.
CAPT. What?
SIR JOS. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.
CAPT. (Stamping his foot impatiently.) If you please.

FOR I HOLD THAT ON THE SEAS.

No. 9a.

(Exit for Ladies.)

SIR JOSEPH.

Vivace.

For I hold that on the seas The ex - pression "if you

COUSIN HEBE.

please" A par - tic - u - lar - ly gentle - man - ly tone im - plants. And so do his sis - ters, and his

The image shows two musical scores. The top score, 'FOR I HOLD THAT ON THE SEAS.', is for a solo voice (SIR JOSEPH) and a piano. The piano part is in common time, treble clef, and consists of a bass line and a harmonic structure. The vocal part is in common time, bass clef, and includes lyrics. The bottom score, 'COUSIN HEBE.', is for a solo voice (COUSIN HEBE) and a piano. The piano part is in common time, bass clef, and consists of a bass line and a harmonic structure. The vocal part is in common time, bass clef, and includes lyrics.

cousins and his aunts.

SOPRANOS.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins, Whom he

TENORS & BASSES.

And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, His sisters and his cousins, Whom he

cres.

reck-ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts!.....

reck-ons up by doz - ens, and his aunts!....

(Exit CAPTAIN, SIR JOSEPH, and RELATIVES.)

BOAT Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his; and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL. Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL. (Recoiling.) Horrible! horrible!

BOAT. Dick Dead-eye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's crew too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am — shocked!

RALPH. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love

I have for her.

ALL. Hurrah!

RALPH. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

ALL. Aye, aye!

RALPH. True, I lack birth —

BOAT. You've a berth on board this very ship.

RALPH. Well said — I had forgotten that. Messmates — what do you say? do you approve my determination?

ALL. We do.

DICK. I don't.

BOAT. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creature to a proper frame of mind.

ADMIRAL'S SONG.

Composed for the use of the Royal Navy.

No. 10. TRIO & CHORUS.—Ralph, Boatswain & Boatswain's Mate.

Moderato.



RALPH.

1. A British tar is a soaring soul, As free as a mountain bird; His
2. His eyes should flash with an in-born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He

BOATSWAIN.

1. A British tar is a soaring soul, As free as a mountain bird; His
2. His eyes should flash with an in-born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He

BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

en-er-get-ic fist Should be ready to re-sist A dio-ta-to-rial word;
nev-er should bow down To a domi-neering frown, Or the tang of a ty-rant tongue;

en-er-get-ic fist Should be ready to re-sist A dio-ta-to-rial word; His
nev-er should bow down To a domi-neering frown, Or the tang of a ty-rant tongue; His

His nose should
His foot should

And his lip should curl,
And his throat should growl,
And his brow should furl,
And his face should scowl,

nose should pant,
foot should stamp,
His cheeks should flame,
His hair should twirl,
His His

pant, And his lips..... should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl,
stamp, And his throat..... should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should

And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er read - y For a
And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry

bo - som should heave,
eyes should flash,
And his fist be ev - er read - y For a
And this should be his Cus - tom - a - ry

furl, And his bosom should heave, And his heart should glow,
scowl, And his eyes should flash, And his breast pro trude, And his fist this ev er

rall. CHORUS. SOP. *Piu vivace.* cres.

knock - down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his
at - ti - tude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his
rall. TENORS & BASSES. cres.

knock - down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his
at - ti - tude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His hair should twirl, And his

ready for a knock - down blow.
Custom - a - ry at - ti - tude.

Piu vivace.

{ *p* cres.



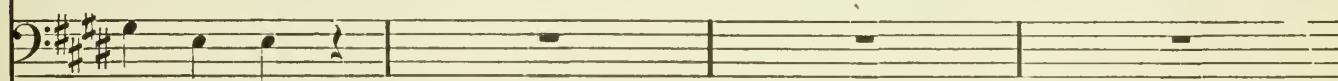
brow should furl, His bosom should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er ready For a
face should scowl, His eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus-tom - a - ry



brow should furl, His bosom should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er ready For a
face should scowl, His eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his Cus-tom - a - ry



knock-down blow.
at - ti - tude.



knock-down blow.
at - ti - tude.



(All except excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against the bulwark.)
(Enter JOSEPHINE.)

Joe. It is useless — Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, etful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a horn-pipe on the cabin table. (Sees RALPH.) Ralph Rackstraw! (Overcome by emotion.)

RALPH. Aye, lady — no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw.

Jos. *(Aside.)* How my heart beats! *(Aloud.)* And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in happiness, lady — rich only in unrest. In me there meet a combination of elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither and thither — wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope — plunged the next into the darkness of despair, I am but a living embodiment of positive contradictions. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

Jos. Perfectly. *(Aside.)* His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared — but no, the thought is madness! *(Aloud.)* Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture you but needlessly. Come, make

one effort.

RALPH. *(Aside.)* I will — one. *(Aloud.)* Josephine!

Jos. *(Indignantly.)* Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armory were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

Jos. Sir, this audacity! *(Aside.)* Oh, my heart, my heart. *(Aloud.)* This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor *(Aside.)* Common! oh, the irony of the word! *(Aloud.)* Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks!

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately. Give me hope, or drive me to despair. I have spoken and I wait your word.

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank — they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

REFRAIN, AUDACIOUS TAR.

No. 11. LOVERS' DUET.—Josephine & Ralph.

Allegro con brio.

f JOSEPHINE.

Refrain, au - dacious tar, Your suit from

press - ing; Re - mem - ber what you are, And whom ad - dress - ing. Re-

-frain, audacious tar, Your suit from pressing; Remember what you are, And whom addressing, Re-frain, audacious

p (aside., Un poco più lento.

tar, Re mem - ber what you are.

I'd laugh my rank to

scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more high - ly born Or I more low - ly, I'd

laugh my rank to scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more highly born Or I more low - ly.

RALPH.

Tempo 1mo.

Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feel-ing

beau - ty! You speak, and I o - bey, It is my du - ty; I

am the lowliest tar that ploughst the wa - ter, And you, proud maiden, are my captain's daughter; Proud la - dy, have your

way; You speak, and I o - bey. My heart, with an - guish

torn, Bowsdown be - fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, yet I a - dore her, My

cres.

dim. *p* rit. *tempolmo. f* JOSEPHINE.

heart, with anguish torn, Bows down be - fore her. She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a - dore her. Re - strain, au - da-cious

mf

dim.

colla voce.

f

ppiu lento. JOSEPHINE.

tar, Your suit from press-ing.

f RALPH.

I'd laugh my rank to

ppiu lento.

Proud la - dy, have your way, Un - feeling beau - ty! My heart with anguish

scorn, In u - nion ho - ly, Were he more highly born Or I more low - ly.

rit. pp

torn, Bows down be-fore her; She laughs my love to scorn, Yet I a - dore her.

rit. pp

CAN I SURVIVE THIS OVERRIDING?

No. 12.

Finale.

(Exit JOSEPHINE.) RALPH. RECIT.

Allegretto Moderato.

Can I survive this o-ver-bearing? Or live a life of mad de-spair-ing! My
proffer'd love despis'd, re-ject-ed! No, no, it's not to be ex-pect-ed!

RALPH. (Calling off.) (Enter SAILORS, HEBE and RELATIVES.)

Mesmates a-hoy! come here! come here!

ff SOPRANOS.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

TENORS & BASSES.

Aye, aye, my boy! what cheer! what cheer!

Allegro con brio.

RALPH. (To COUSIN HEBE.)

The mai - den treats my

Come, tell us pray, without delay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

Come, tell us pray, without delay, what does she say? What cheer! what cheer!

suit with scorn, Re - jects my hum - ble love, my lady, She says I am ig - no - bly born, And

cuts my hope a - drift, my lady.

DEADEYE.

She spurns my love! 6.

f CHORUS.

Oh! cru - el one! oh! cru - el one!

Oh! cru - el one! oh! cru - el one!

COUCHIN HEBE.

Shall they submit! are they but slaves?
f BOATSWAIN.

- ho! O-ho! I told you so! I told you so!

Shall we submit! are we but slaves?

f CHORUS.

Shall we submit! are we but slaves?

f

Love comes a - like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a - like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

Love comes a - like to high and low— Bri - tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves, And shall they bow to in - sult?

DRAWMAN.

You must sub - mit, you are but slaves; A la - dy she! O - ho! O - ho! You low - ly

No! no!

No! no!

(Goes off.) SOPRANOS.

toilers of the waves, She spurns you all, I told you so! Shall they submit? are they but slaves?

TENORS & BASSES.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves?

COUNT HEYE.

Shall they submit? are they but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low, Bri -
BOATSWAIN.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves? Love comes a-like to high and low, Bri-
DEADEYE.

You must sub-mit, you are but slaves; A la - dy she! O -

SOPRANOS.

Shall we submit? are we but slaves? Love comes a - like to high and low, Bri -

TENORS & BASSES.

1

DEADEYE.

- ho ! O -ho ! O -ho ! She spurns you all, She spurns you all, I told you so !

COUSIN HEBE & SOPRANOS.

tan - nia's sai - lors rule the waves. And shall they steep to in - sult? No! no!

BOATSWAIN & BASS.

11. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 11)

RALPH. (Drawing a pistol.)

My friends, my leave of life I'm tak - ing, For oh, my heart, my heart is breaking ; When I am

p CHORUS. (Turning away weeping.)

gone, oh, prithee, tell The maid that, as I died, I lov'd her well ! Of life, a - las, his leave he's

Of life, a - las, his leave he's

(During CHORUS he has loaded pistol.)

tak - ing, For ah ! his faithful heart is breaking. When he is gone, we'll sure - ly

tak - ing, For ah ! his faithful heart is breaking. When he is gone, we'll sure - ly

that as he died, he lov'd her well.

RALPH.

tell The maid, as he died, he lov'd her well. Be warn'd, my
mess-mates all Who love in rank a - bove you— For Jo - sephine I fall!

(Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.) *Tutti. CHORUS. SOPRANOS.*
JOSEPHINE. RECIT.

Ah! stay your hand! I love you! Ah! stay your hand! she loves you!

TENORS & BASSES.

RALPH. JOSEPHINE. SOPRANOS.

TENORS & BASSES.

Loves me! Loves you! Yes! Yes! Ah yes! she loves you! ...

p

JOSEPHINE. *Allegro vivace.*

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The God of day—the

COUSIN HEBE.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The God of day—the

RALPH.

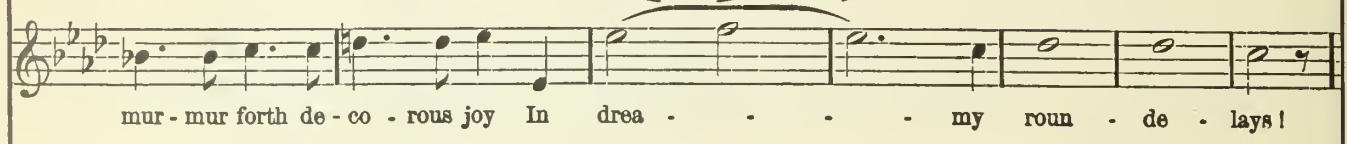
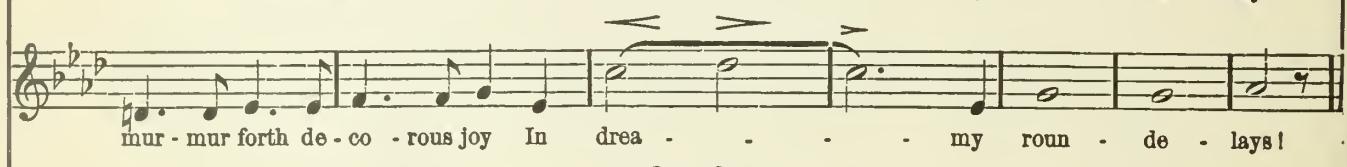
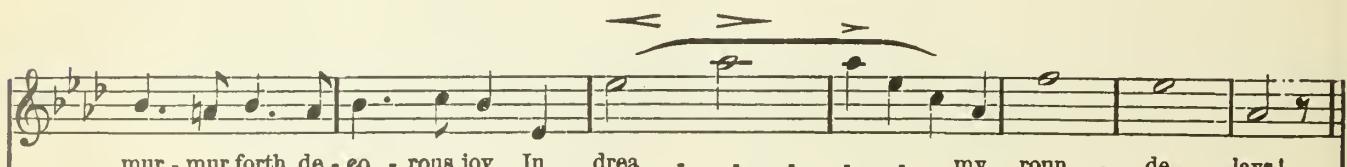
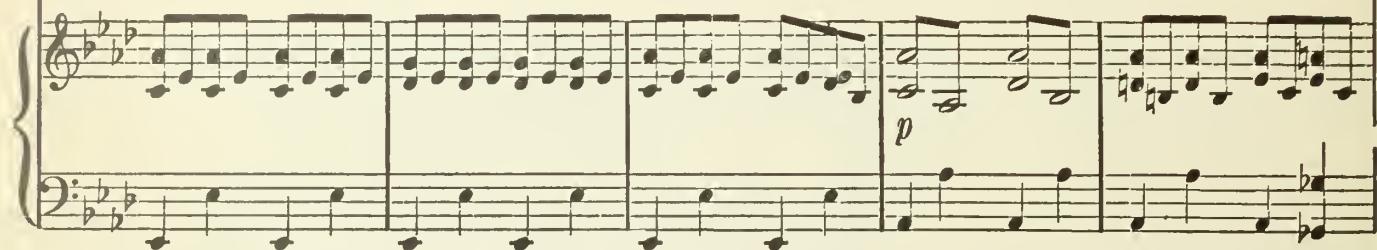
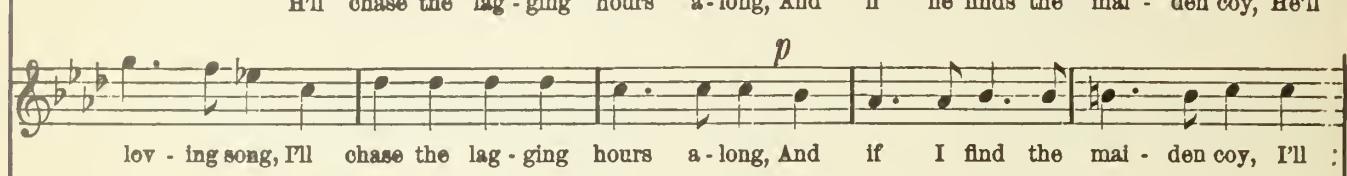
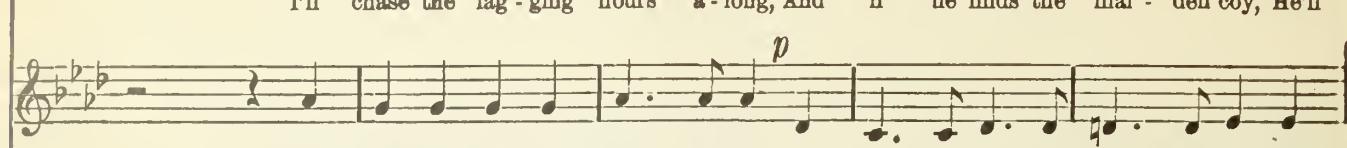
Oh joy, oh rap-ture un-forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The God of day—the :

p Allegro vivace.

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high above, The sky is all a-blaze.

orb of love, Has hung his en-sign high above, The sky is all a-blaze.

orb of love Has hung his en-sign high above, The sky is all a-blaze. With woo-ing words and



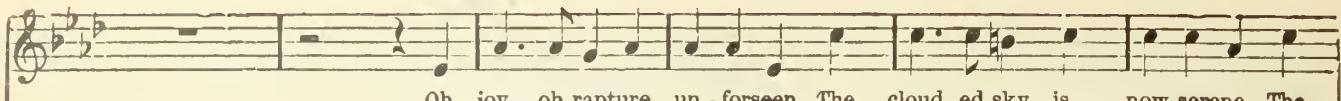
DEADWYE.

He thinks he's won his Jo - sephine, But tho' the sky seems now se - rene, A frown-ing thunder-bolt a -
p *stacc.*

- bove May end their ill - as - sort-ed love Which now is all a - blaze. Our captain, ere a day is gone Will

be extreme-ly down up-on The wicked men who art em - ploy To make his Jo - se- phine less coy, In
cres.

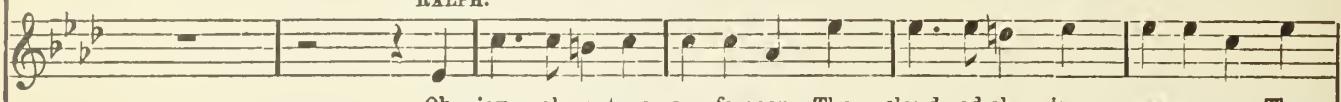
JOSEPHINE.



Oh joy, oh rapture un - forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The
COUSIN HEBE.



Oh joy, oh rapture un - forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The
RALPH.



Oh joy, oh rapture un - forseen, The cloud - ed sky is now serene, The



many va - rious ways. Our captain soon, unless I'm wrong, Will be ex -



God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky..... is



God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky..... is



God of day, the orb of love, Has hung his en - sign high a - bove, The sky..... is



- treme - ly down up - on The wick - ed men who art em - ploy, Will be ex - treme - ly down up - on The wicked



cres - - - - - oen - - - - - do. f



all a - - - blaze, is all a -
 all a - - - blaze, is all a -
 all a - - - blaze, is all a -
 men, will be extremely down up - on the men In ma - ny various ways, In ma - ny various

- blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -
 - blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -
 - blaze, is all a - blaze, The sky is all, is all a -
 ways, Our captain soon will be extremely down up-on the wicked men in ma - ny various

cres - - - cen - - - do.

- blaze..... This ve - ry night, With -
 - blaze..... With ba - ted breath,
 - blaze..... And muf - fled oar,
 ways.....
 { *pp staccato.*
 - out a light, A cler - gy - man
 As still as death
 We'll steal a - shore, Shall make us one.
 BOATSWAIN.
 At

JOSEPHINE.

And then we can
half - past ten,

RALPH.

Re - turn, for none

JOSEPHINE.

COUSIN HEBE,

This ve - ry night, With

BOATSWAIN.

Can part them then!

CHORUS,

This ve - ry night, With

RALPH.

JOSEPHINE.

COUSIN HEBE.

RALPH.

JOSEPHINE.

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With - out a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A.

ba - ted breath And muf - fled oar— With - ont a light, As still as death We'll steal a-shore. A.

RALPH.

COUSIN HEBE.

JOSEPHINE.

RALPH.

COUSIN HEBE.

cler - gy - man Shall make ns one At half-past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can

BOATSWAIN.

At half-past ten,

Can

cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Re - turn, for none Can

F = Front

S = Side

P = Rear

JOSEPHINE.

This ve-ry night, With bated breath And muf-fled oar, Without a light, As still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-

part them then! This ve-ry night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar— With .

RALPH.

DEADEYE.

This ve-ry night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar— With .

part them then!

part them then! This very night, With bated breath And muf-fled oar, Without a light, As still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler-gy-

This ve-ry night, With ba-ted breath And muf-fled oar— With .

sempre p e stacc.

man Shall make ns one At half- past ten, And then we can Re-turn, for none can part ns then! A cler-gy

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- man Shall make them one At half- past ten, And then they can Re-turn, for none Can part them then! A cler-gy

- out a light, As still as death We'll steal a - shore. A

- man Shall make us one At half - past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none Can part us then! This ve - ry
 cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry
 Shall make us one
 cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry
 - man Shall make them one At half - past ten, And then they can re - turn, for none Can part them then! This ve - ry
 cler - gy - man Shall make them one At half - past ten. This ve - ry
 cres.

night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar - With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -
 night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar - With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -
 night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar - With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -
 night, With ba - ted breath and muf - fled oar - With-out a light, as still as death We'll steal ashore. A cler - gy -

- man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none, none, part us then!
 them they *ff* *p* them
 man Shall make us one At half-past ten, And then we can Re - turn, for none, none, part us then!
 them they none Can part them then!
 - man Shall make them one At half-past ten And then they can Return, for none, none, none Can part them then!
 - man Shall make them one At half-past ten, And then they can Return, for none, none, none Can part them then!

(Dick Deadeye appears.)

DRADEYE.

For

RECIT. *Moderato.*

- bear, nor car - ry out the scheme you've plann'd, She is a la - dy - you a fore-mast hand! Re - mem - ber she's your
sf

CHORUS. Tut.

gal-lant cap-tain's daugh-ter, And you the mean-est slave that crawls the wa-ter! Back, ver-min,

back, Nor mock us! Back, ver-min, back, You shock us!

Allegro con brio.

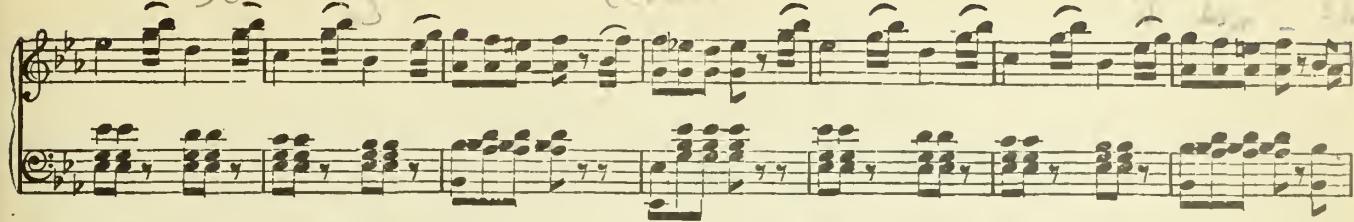
SOPRANOS.

Let's give three cheers for the sai-lor's bride Who casts all thought of rank a-side—Who

TENORS & BASSES.

gives up home and for-tune too, For the hon-est love of a sai-lor true! Tra, la, la, la, la,

Sect 3 or C

JOSEPHINE, COUSIN HEBE & SOPRANOS. *Vivace*

For a British tar is a soaring soul, As free as a mountain bird, His

TENORS & BASSES.



en-er-get-ic fist should be ready to re-sist A dic-ta-to-ri-al word! His eyes should flash with an



in-born fire, His brow with scorn be wrung; He nev-er should bow down to a dom-i-neering frown, Or the



tang of a ty - rant tongue. RALPH, DEADEYE, BOATSWAIN.
 His nose should pant and his lip should curl, His cheeks should flame and his
 brow should furl, His bo - som should heave and his heart should glow, And his fist be ev - er rea - dy for a
cres.
SOPRANOS.
 His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His
RALPH with TENORS.
 knock-down-blow. DEADEYE & BOATS'N. with BASSES.
 His foot should stamp and his throat should growl, His
 hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash and his breast pro - trude, And
 hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash and his breast pro - trude, And

JOSEPHINE.

this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His eyes should dash, his breast... pro -
COUSIN HEBE.

RALPH.

this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His eyes should flash, his breast pro -
DEADEYE.

BOATSWAIN.

this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude. His eyes should flash, his breast... pro -
SOPRANOS.

this should be his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude, his at - ti - tude,

TENORS & BASSES.

- trude, His eyes..... should flash, his eyes..... should

- trude, His eyes..... should flash, his eyes..... should

- trude, His eyes..... should flash, his eyes..... should

at - ti - tude, his cus - tom - a - ry at - ti - tude, his

flash, his breast..... pro - trude, His eyes..... should flash,

flash, his breast pro - trude, His eyes should flash, should flash,.....

His eyes..... should flash,

flash, his breast..... pro - trude, His eyes.....should flash,

at - tude, his at - tude. His eyes, b2

yes, His eyes. should

should

yes, His eyes

should

yes, His eyes.....

his eyes should,..... yes,..... His eyes.... should

b2 b2 b2

flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,

flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,

flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,

flash, His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,

His foot should stamp and his throat, his throat should growl,

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl;

His hair should twirl and his face, his face should scowl;

His hair should twirl and his face should scowl; His eyes should flash, His breast pro-tude, And this should be his

And this his at - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - ti - tude.

And this his at - - ti - tude.

cus - tom - a - ry at - - - - - ti - tude.

8va.....

END OF ACT I—CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Some Scene. Night. CAPTAIN discovered singing, and accompanying himself on a mandolin. LITTLE BUTTERCUP seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.

INTRODUCTION.

TEMPO MODERATO.

Sheet music for piano, four staves. The music is in 3/4 time, key signature of one sharp (F#). The top staff (treble clef) has a bassoon part with sustained notes and a woodwind part with eighth-note patterns. The second staff (bass clef) has a bassoon part with eighth-note patterns. The third staff (treble clef) has a bassoon part with eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff (bass clef) has a bassoon part with eighth-note patterns. The piano part is indicated by a bassoon icon and includes dynamic markings like *p* and *f*.

SONG. FAIR MOON.

NO. 13.

Captain Oorcoran.

MODERATO.



CAPTAIN C.

Fair moon, to thee I sing! Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is

ev - 'ry thing Ei - ther at six - es or at sev - ens! Say, why is ev - 'ry thing

Eith - er at six- es or at sev - ens! I have lived hith-er - to, Free from the breath of

8va 8va 8va 8va

slan- der, be - lov'd by all my crew, A - real - ly pop- u - lar com-

8va 8va 8va 8va

- man - der. But now my kind-ly crew re - bel, My daughter to a tar is

8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va 8va

par - tial, Sir Jo - seph storms, and sad to tell, He threatens a court mar - tial!

cres.

dim.

Fair moon, to thee I sing! Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is

8va.....

pp

ev - 'ry thing Ei - ther at six-es or at sev - ens? Fair moon, to the I'll sing,

8va

8va

rall.

Bright re-gent of the heavens!

colla voce.

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! (Sighing.) Who is poor little Buttercup, that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet, if he knew—

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board! That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk,

BUT. True, dear Captain—but the recollection of your sad, pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seemed to have turned against me.

BUT. Oh, no; do not say "all," dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are stanch to me. (Aside) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such an one as this! (Aloud.) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. (Change of manner.) I understand! You hold aloof from me, because you are rich and lofty, and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you.

CAPT. A change!

BUT. Aye, be prepared.

DUET. THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.

No. 1.

ALLEGRETTO.

Little Buttercup and Captain Corcoran.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Things are seldom what they seem, Skim milk mas-que-rades as cream,

CAPTAIN C. (Puzzled.)

High-lows pass as pa-tent leathers, Jack-daws strut in pea-cock's feathers. Ve-ry true, so they do.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Black sheep dwell in ev-ry fold, All that glit-ters is not gold; Storks turn out be

CAPTAIN C. (*puzzled.*)

be but logs, Bulls are but in - flat - ed frogs. So they be, fre - quently.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Drops the wind and stops the mill, Tur - bot is am - bi - tious brill; Gild the farthing if you will,

con 8va

CAPTAIN C. (*Puzzled.*)

Yet it is a farth-ing still. Yes, I know, that is so: Tho' to catch your drift I'm striving, It is

con 8va

sha-dy, it is sha-dy, I don't see at what you're driving, Mystic la - dy, mystic la - dy.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (Aside.)

Stern con - vic - tion's o'er him steal-ing, That the mys - tic la - dy's deal - ing In o - ra - cu-

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

Stern con - vic - tion's o'er me stealing, That the mys - tic la - dy's deal - ing In o - ra - cu-

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

- lar re - vealing.

That is so.

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

- lar re - vealing. Yes, I know.

Tho' I'm a - ny-thing but clever, I could talk like

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

that for - e - ver. Once a cat was killed by care, On - ly brave deserve the fair. Ve - ry true; so they do

CAPTAIN C.

Wink is of-ten good as nod, Spoils the child, who spares the rod; Thirsty lambs run fox - y dangers,

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Dogs are found in ma - ny mangers.

Frequent-lee! I a - gree.

CAPTAIN C.

Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,

con 8va

Worn out garments show new patches; On - ly count the chick that hatches, Men are grown-up catchy catchies,

con 8va

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Yes, I know that is so, Tho' to catch my drift he's striving, I'll dis - sem - ble! I'll dis -

- semble! When he sees at what I'm driv - ing, Let him tremble, Let him tremble!

Ensemble.
LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

82

Tho' a mystic tone I borrow, He will learn the truth with sor - row; Here to - day and
CAPTAIN C.

Tho' a mystic tone you bor - row, I shall learn the truth with sor - row; Here to - day and

gone to-morrow. That is so. I'll dis-sem - ble, I'll dis-sem - ble, Let him

gone to-morrow. Yes, I know. Tho' a mystic tone you borrow, I shall learn the

Music: The score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the bassoon. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is common time. The vocal line is melodic, with several eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano and bassoon parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns.

tremble! Let him tremble! Let him tremble! Yes, I know, that is so.

truth to-morrow, Here to-day and gone to-morrow, Yes, I know, that is so.

Music: The score continues with three staves. The vocal line repeats the phrase "tremble! Let him tremble! Let him tremble! Yes, I know, that is so." The piano and bassoon parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns.

A tempo.

pp

f

Music: The score concludes with three staves. The vocal line repeats the phrase "truth to-morrow, Here to-day and gone to-morrow, Yes, I know, that is so." The piano and bassoon parts provide harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. The dynamic marking "pp" (pianissimo) is used in the piano part, and the dynamic marking "f" (fortissimo) is used in the bassoon part.

(At the end, exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP, melodramatically.)

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH.)

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so, hitherto, without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course, sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft; she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(Enter JOSEPHINE. FIRST LORD retires up and watches her.)

THE HOURS CREEP ON A-PACE.

No. 15.

SCENA—Josephine,

ANDANTE.

The hours creep on a-pace,
My guil-ty heart is quaking; Oh, that I might re-

-trace The step that I am tak-ing. It's fol-ly it were easy to be shewing; What I am giving up, and whither

go - - ing! { On the one hand papa's luxurious home, { hung with ancestral armour and old { brasses, { Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome, { rare "blue and white" Venetian finger- { glasses,

Rich Oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows, And ev - 'ry-thing that is - n't old, from Gil-lows ! And, on the other, a dark and
 dingy room in some back street with stuffy children cry-ing.

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume, and clothes are hanging out all day a- drying, With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in, and dinner served up in a pudding - ba - sin !

Allegro con spirito.
 cres. molto.

sim - ple sail - or, low - ly born, Un -
 let- ter'd and un - known, Who toils for bread from ear - ly morn Till half the night has flown, Till

half the night has flown. No gold-en rank can he impart, No wealth of house or land; No

cres.

fortune, save his trus-ty heart, And honest, brown right hand, his trus-ty heart, and brown right hand; And yet he is so

cres.

wondrous fair, That love for one so passing rare, So peerless in his man-ly beauty, Were lit-tle else than solemn du-t-y, Were

rallentando, *ad lib.*

lit-tle else than so-lemn du - - ty! Oh god of love and god of reason, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o-

rall.

- bey ! A sim - ple sai - lor, lew - ly born, Un - let-ter'd and un - known, No gold - en rank can he impart, No
 wealth of house or land; No for - tune, save his trus - ty heart, And hon-est, brown right hand, his trusty heart and right
 hand; Oh, god of love and god of reason, say, Which of you twain shall my poor
 heart, my poor heart o - bey, God of love, god of rea - son, god of rea - son

a tempo.

cres.

p

cres.

mf

cres.

god of love, say,..... Which shall my poor heart o - bey? Oh,

god of love and god of rea - son, say, Oh, god of love and god of rea - son, say, Which of you

twain shall my poor heart o - bey, my heart o - bey, Which shall my

heart..... o - bey.

heart,.... my heart o - - - bey.

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you, officially, my assurance that if your hesitation is attributed to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

Joe. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank.

SIR JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

Jos. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you, officially, my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I did hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (Aside.) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause.

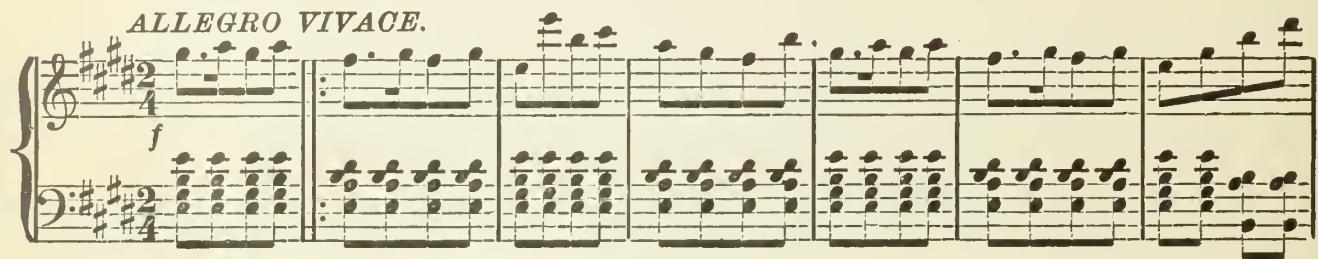
(CAPTAIN has entered; during this speech he comes down.)

BELL TRIO.

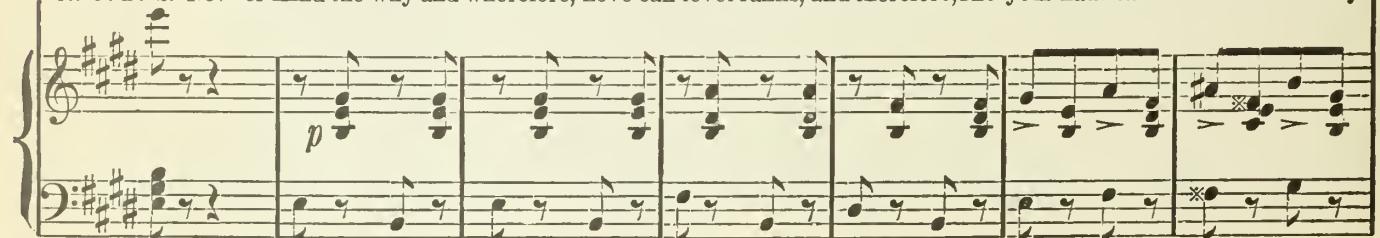
No. 16.

Josephine, Captain Corcoran, and Sir. J. Porter.

ALLEGRO VIVACE.



Josephine. 3. Nev - er mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and therefore I ad - mit the ju - ris - dic - tion ; Ably
 Captain C. 1. Nevermind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and therefore, Tho' his Lordship's station's mighty, Tho' stu -
 Sir J. P. 2. Nev - er mind the why and wherefore, Love can level ranks, and therefore, Tho' your nautical re - la - tion In my



have you play'd your part, You have car - ried firm con - vic - tions To my hes - i - tat - ing heart.
 - pen - dous be his brain, Though her tastes are mean and flighty, And her for - tune poor and plain -
 set could scarce-ly pass, Though you oc - cu - py a sta - tion In the low - er mid - dle class -



CAPTAIN C. and SIR J. PORTER. (*every time.*)

Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship, Rend the air with warbling wild, For the u - nion

CAPTAIN C.

CAPTAIN C. (*each verse.*)

JOSEPHINE.

(*each verse.*)

SIR J. PORTER.

of his Lordship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child. For a hum - ble cap - tain's daughter, For a
of my Lordship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child.

SIR J. PORTER. (*each verse.*)

JOSEPHINE.

gallant captain's daughter And a Lord that rules the water. And a tar that ploughs the water.

JOSEPHINE. 1st and 2d verses.

Let the air with joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove,
 CAPT. C. & SIR J. PORTER.

Let the air with joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove,

For the u - nion of a maid - en With the man who owns her love.

For the u - nion of a maid - en With the man who owns her love.

f 3d verse.

Let the air with joy be la - den, For the u - nion of a maid - en,
 CAPTAIN C. & SIR J. PORTER.

Ring the mer - ry bells on board ship,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love,
 For her u - nion with his Lordship, Rend with songs the air a - bove For the man who owns her love,

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love.....

Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the man who owns her love.....

(Exit JOSEPHINE.)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this happy country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable. (Exit SIR JOSEPH.)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. (During this speech, DICK DEAD EYE has entered.)

DICK. Captain!
CAPT. Deadeye! You here! Don't! (Receiving from him.)
DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain! I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.
CAPT. What would you with me?
DICK. (Mysteriously.) I'm come to give you warning.
CAPT. Indeed! Do you propose to leave the navy then?
DICK. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

THE MERRY MAIDEN AND THE TAR.

No. 17.

DUET—Captain Corcoran and Deadeye.

DEADEYE.

1. Kind Captain, I've import-ant in-form-a-tion—Sing hey, the gal-lant Captain that you are—

A-bout a certain in-timate re-la-tion, Sing hey, the mer-ry maid-en and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

The mer-ry, mer-ry maid-en, The mer-ry, mer-ry maid-en, Sing hey, the mer-ry Deadeye.

The mer-ry, mer-ry maid-en, The mer-ry, mer-ry maid-en, The



maid en and the tar.



maid en and the tar.



CAPTAIN C.



2. Good fel-low, in con-undrums you are speak - ing— Sing hey, the sil - ly sail - or that you are—



The answers to them vainly am I seek - ing, Sing hey, the merry maid - en and the tar.



The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, Sing hey, the mer - ry
 The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The
 maid - en and the tar.
 maid - en and the tar.
 DEADEYE,
 3. Kind Captain, your young lady is a sigh - ing, Sing hey, the gal - lant Cap - tain that you are—
 This very night with Rackstraw to be fly - ing, Sing hey, the mer - ry maid-en and the tar.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system, 'The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en', has four staves: Treble, Bass, Alto, and Tenor. The second system, 'DEADEYE', has two staves: Treble and Bass. The third system, '3. Kind Captain', has two staves: Treble and Bass. The fourth system, 'This very night with Rackstraw', has two staves: Treble and Bass. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are primarily in eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with some sustained notes and rests. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and bass notes.

CAPTAIN C.

The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid en, Sing hey, the mer - ry

DEADEYE.

The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The mer - ry, mer - ry maid - en, The

maid - en and the tar.

maid - en and the tar.

CAPTAIN C.

4. Good fellow, you have giv - en time - ly warn - ing— Sing hey, the thoughtful sail - or that you are—



I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morn - - ing, Sing hey, the cat - o' nine - tails and the tar.



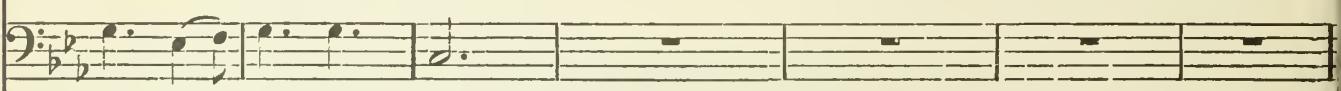
The mer - ry cat - 'o - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - 'o - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat - o -



The mer - ry cat - o - nine - tails, The mer - ry cat, The mer - ry cat - o -



- nine - tails and the tar.



- nine - tails and the tar.



CAPT. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning. I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat-cloak will afford me ample disguise. So! (Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.) Ensemble.

DICK. Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!

Enter CREW on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN, meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from cabin on tiptoe with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP. The CAPTAIN, shrouded in his boat-cloak, takes stage, unnoticed.)

ENSEMBLE.

CAREFULLY ON TIP-TOE STEALING.

No. 18.

SOLI and CHORUS.

pp TENORS & BASSES.

Moderato.

Care - ful - ly on tip - toe steal - ing, Breathing

gent - ly as we may, Ev 'ry step with cau - tion feel - ing, We will

(CAPTAIN stamps.) - Chord. DEADEYE.

soft - ly creep a - way. Goodness me! why, what was that! Si - lent

CHORUS OF MEN.
(Reassured.)

CAPT. C.

Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.

be, it was the cat! It was, it was the cat! They're

cree. *p*

pp CHORUS OF MEN.

right, it was the cat! Pull a-shore in fash-ion

dim. *pp*

stea-dy, Hy-men will de-frau the fare, For a cler-gy-man is

(Stamp as before, and chord.)

rea - dy To u. - nite the hap - py pair. Good - ness me! why, what was

DEADEYE.

CHORUS OF MEN.

that! Si - lent be, a - gain the cat! It was a - gain the

JOSEPHINE.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

RALPH.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

CAPTAIN C. (Aside.)

cat! They're right. it was the cat! with cau - tion

DEADEYE.

Ev - 'ry step with cau - tion

feel-ing, We will soft - ly creep a-way, Ev-'ry step with cau - tion
 feel-ing, They will soft - ly creep a-way, Ev-'ry step with cau - tion
 CHORUS.
 TENORS.
 We will steal a-way, Ev-'ry step, ev-'ry step with cau - tion
 BASSES.
 rill.
 feel-ing, We will steal a-way.
 rill.
 feel-ing, They will soft - ly steal a-way.
 rill.
 feel-ing, We will soft - ly steal a-way.
 accel.

HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN.

SOLO, DUET and CHORUS.

No. 18a.

CAPTAIN C. (Throwing off cloak.) Hold! (All start.)

Hold!..... Pretty daugh - ter of mine, I in - sist up - on knowing

Where you may be go-ing With these sons of the brine;

For my ex - cellent crew, Tho'

foes they could thump any, Are scarcely fit com - pany, My daughter, for you. Now, hark at that, do! Tho'

CHORUS OF MEN.

RALPH. *p*

foes we could thump a-ny, We're scarce-ly fit com - pa-ny For a la - dy like you!

Proud

of - ficer, that haughty lip un - curl ! Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer, For I have

CAPTAIN C.

dar'd to love your match - less girl, A fact well known to all my mess-mates here ! Oh,

JOSEPHINE.

p

hor - hor ! He, humble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the

RALPH.

I, humble, poor, and low - ly born, The mean - est in the

port di - vi - sion — The butt of o - pau - let - ted scorn — The mark of quar - ter -

port di - vi - sion — The butt of e - pau - let - ted scorn — The mark of quar - ter -

cres.

- deck de - ri - sion, Has dar'd to raise his worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to

- deck de - ri - sion, Have dar'd to raise my worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to

which you'd mould him, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, He is an

which you'd mould me, In man - hood's glo - rious pride to rise, I am an

Eng - - lish - man. be - hold him !

CHORUS. TENORS.

Eng - - lish - man, be - hold me ! He is an Eng - - - lish - man !

BASSES. *ff*

He is an Eng - - - lish - man !

f

is an English - man, For... he himself has said it, And it's greatly to his credit, That he

fz

a tempo..p

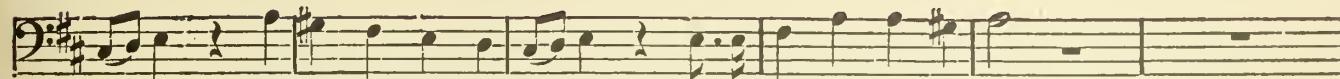
con 8va

is an Eng - lish - man ! For he might have been a

That he is an Eng - lish - man !

con 8va

con 8va



TENORS & BASSES.

Or perhaps, I - tal - i -

But in spite of all temp-ta-tions To be-long to oth-er na-tions, He re-mains an English-

rall.

- man! He re-mains an Eng

lish-man!

CHORUS OF MEN.

rall.

con 8va

rall.

He re-mains an Englishman!

long to other na-tions, He remains an Englishman! He re-mains an Englishman!

con sra

CAPTAIN C. (*Trying to repress his anger. During this, COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered.*)

In ut-tering a rep-ro-bation To a-ny British tar, I try to speak with
Moderato.

mod-e ration, But you have gone too far. I'm ve-ry sor-ry to dis-parage A

(During this SIR JOSEPH has appeared on deck. He is horrified at the bad language.)

bum - ble fore - mast lad, But to seek your cap - tain's child in marriage, Why, dam-me, it's too
bad!

con 8va

COUSIN HEBE.

bad! Yes, dam-me, it's too bad! Yes, dam-me, it's too bad! Did you
DEADEYE.

con 8va

Yes, dam-me, it's too bad!

SOPRANOS.

Oh!

TENORS & BASSES.

Oh!

Oh!

Oh!

f p

con 8va

hear him— did you hear him! Oh, the mon - ster o - ver - bearing! Don't go

pp CHORUS.

He said dam - me, he said dam - me, Yes, he said dam - me,

He said dam - me, he said damme, Yes, he said

SIR J. PORTER,
(who has come down)

near him— don't go near him — He is swearing — he is swearing!

My

He said damme, He said damme, Yes, damme.

damme, damme, damme, damme, Yes, damme,

Music for the first section, featuring three staves. The top staff is in common time (C), the middle staff is in common time (C), and the bottom staff is in common time (C). The key signature is one flat (F#). The vocal line includes lyrics: "pain and my dis-tress, I find it is not ea - ry to express; My a-maze - ment — my sur". The dynamic is *Moderato*.

Music for Captain C, featuring three staves. The top staff is in common time (C), the middle staff is in common time (C), and the bottom staff is in common time (C). The key signature changes to one sharp (G). The vocal line includes lyrics: "-prise—You may learn from the ex-pres-sion of my eyes! My lord— one word — the facts are not before you! The". The dynamic is *con 8va*.

Music for the continuation of the first section, featuring three staves. The top staff is in common time (C), the middle staff is in common time (C), and the bottom staff is in common time (C). The key signature changes to one sharp (G). The vocal line includes lyrics: "word was in - ju - di-cious, I al - low, But hear my ex - pla - na-tion, I implore you, And". The dynamic is *con 8va*.

Music for Sir J. Porter, featuring three staves. The top staff is in common time (C), the middle staff is in common time (C), and the bottom staff is in common time (C). The key signature changes to one sharp (G). The vocal line includes lyrics: "you will be in - di-gnant too, I vow! I will hear of no de-fence; Attempt none, if you're". The dynamic is *con 8va*.

sen-si - ble. That word of e - vil sense, Is whol-ly in - de - fens-ible. Go, ri-bald, get you

(Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.)

hence To your cabin with ce - ler-i-ty. This is the con-se-quence of ill - ad - vised as - peri-ty!

SIR J. PORTER.

stringendo molto.

p SOPRANOS.

Thus all shall learn, ere long, To re-

p TENORS & BASSES.

This is the con-se-quence Of ill - ad vised as - peri-ty!

This is the con-se-quence Of ill - ad vised as - peri-ty!

stringendo molto.

COUSIN HEBE. *sempre stringendo.*

frain from language strong. For I haven't a-ny sym-psy-thy for ill-bred taunts! No more have his sisters, and his

stringendo molto.

sempre stringendo.

cousins, and his aunts.

cres.

vivace.

No more have his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, No more have his sisters, and his

No more have his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, No more have his sisters, and his

vivace.

cou-sins, and his aunts, His cou-sins, and his sis-ters, And his sis-ters, and his cou-sins, and his

cou-sins, and his aunts, His cou-sins, and his sis-ters, And his sis-ters, and his cou-sins, and his

aunts!..... For he is an Eng - lish - man!.... And he him - self has
 aunts!..... For he is an Eng - lish - man!.... And he him - self has

And it's That he
 said it, And it's great - ly to his cred - it, That he is an Eng - lish - man,
 said it, And it's great - ly to his cred - it, That he is an Eng - lish - man,

That he is an *rall.*
 That he is an Eng - - - - - lish-man!
 That he is an Eng - - - - - lish-man!
rall.
con 8va

SIR JOSEPH. Now tell me, my fine fellow, — for you are a fine fellow —

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. How came your Captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

RALPH. Please your honor, it was thus wise. You see I'm only a topman; a mere foremast hand —

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honor, love burns as brightly in the fokse as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes. (Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH's arms. SIR JOSEPH hurried.) She's

the figure-head of my ship of life; the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness!

ALL. Very pretty.

SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.)

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH. Away with him! I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

SIR JOSEPH. Then lead him with chains and take him there at once!

FAREWELL, MY OWN.

No. 19.

OCTETT & CHORUS.

RALPH.

Allegretto moderato.

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare-well! For crime un-

JOSEPHINE.

known I go to a dun - geon cell. I will a - tone; In the meantime, farewell!

SIR J. PORTER.

And all a - lone Rejoice in your dun - geon cell! A bone a bone, ... I'll

pick with this sai - lor fell; Let him be shown at once to his dun geon cell.

COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

DEADEYE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

BOATSWAIN.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

He'll hear no tone Of the maiden he loves so well! No tel - e-phone Commu - nicates with his cell!

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (*Mysteriously.*)

But when is known The secret I have to tell, Wide will be thrown The door of his dungeon cell.

cres.

(All repeat respective verses, ensemble. At the end, RALPH is led off in custody.)

mf JOSEPHINE.

cres. *molto.*

Farewell, my own, Light of my life, farewell! And all a - lone Rejoice in your dun - geon, your dun - geon cell!

mf COUSIN HEBE.

cres. *molto.*

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! Let him be shown At once to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell.

mf BUTTERCUP.

cres. *molto.*

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

mf RALPH.

cres. *molto.*

Farewell, my own, Light of my life, farewell! For crime unknown I go to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

mf SIR J. PORTER.

cres. *molto.*

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! Let him be shown At once to his dun - geon, his dun - geon cell!

mf DEADEYE.

cres. *molto.*

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

mf BOATSWAIN.

cres. *molto.*

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

mf BOATSWAIN'S-MATE.

cres. *molto.*

He'll hear no tone Of her he loves so well! For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell!

p CHORUS. SOPRANOS. *cres.* *molto.*

For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell.

p TENORS & BASSES. *cres.* *molto.*

For crime unknown He goes to a dun - geon, a dun - geon cell.

trem. trem.

f

SIR J. PORTER.

My pain and my distress, A-gain it is not ea - sy to ex - press; My a - mazement, my sur -

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

- prise, Again you may dis - cov - er from my eyes! Hold!

CHORUS. *p*

How ter - ri - ble the aspect of his eyes!

How ter - ri - ble the aspect of his eyes!

Ere up - on your loss you lay much stress, A long - conceal - ed crime I would confess!

SIR JOSEPH. Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you, officially, that I am hurt. You, whom I honored by seeking in marriage; the daughter of a Captain in the Royal Navy!

BUT. Hold! I have something to say to that!
SIR JOS. You?
BUT. Yes, I!

BABY FARMING SONG.

No. 20.

Little Buttercup & Chorus.

tremolo.

Sheet music for 'Little Buttercup' showing a piano accompaniment with tremolo markings and a vocal line below. The piano part is in 6/8 time, treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal part is in 6/8 time, bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

1. A ma - ny years a - go, When I was young and charming, As some of you may know, I

Sheet music for 'Little Buttercup' showing the vocal line for the first verse. The vocal part is in 6/8 time, bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "1. A ma - ny years a - go, When I was young and charming, As some of you may know, I".

prac - tis'd ba - by farming.

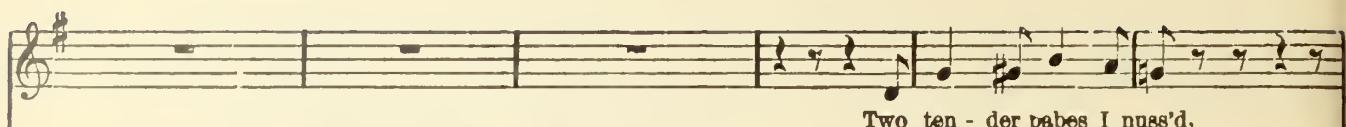
SOPRANOS.

Now this is most a - larming! When she was young and charming, She

TENORS & BASSES.

Now this is most a - larming! When she was young and charming, She

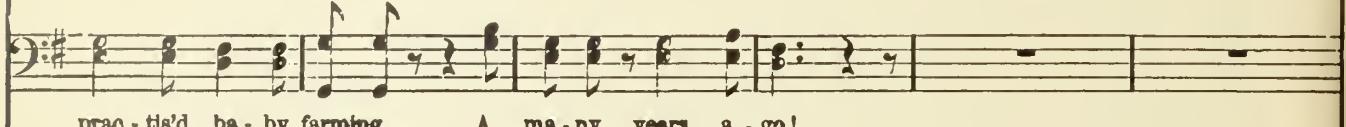
Sheet music for 'Little Buttercup' showing the vocal lines for the soprano, tenor/bass, and bass parts. The soprano part is in 6/8 time, bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The tenor/bass part is in 6/8 time, bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The bass part is in 6/8 time, bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp.



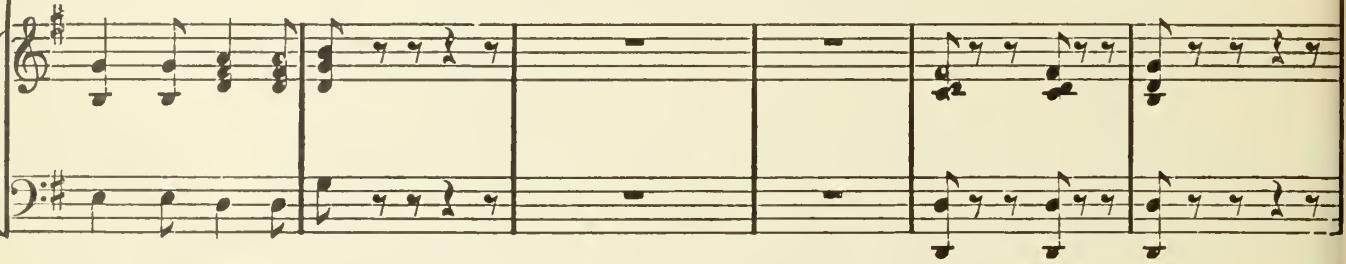
Two ten - der babes I nuss'd,



prac - tis'd ba - by farming, A ma - ny years a - go!



prac - tis'd ba - by farming, A ma - ny years a - go!



One was of low con - di - tion, The oth - er up - per-ornst, A reg - u - lar pa - trician.

ALL. (Explaining to each other.)



Now



Now



this is the po - si - tion,— One was of low con - di - tion, The o - ther a pa - trician, A
 this is the po - si - tion,— One was of low con - di - tion, The o - ther a pa - trician, A

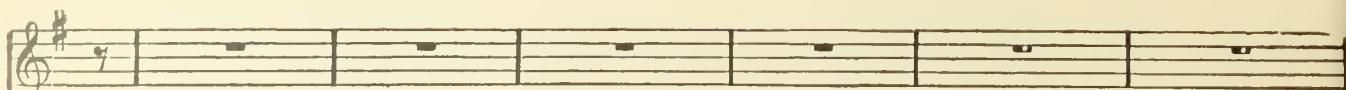
cresc.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

ma - ny years a - go!
 2. Oh, bit-ter is my
 ma - ny years a - go!

p

cup! How - ev - er could I do it! I mix'd those children up, And not a creature knew it!



SOPRANOS.

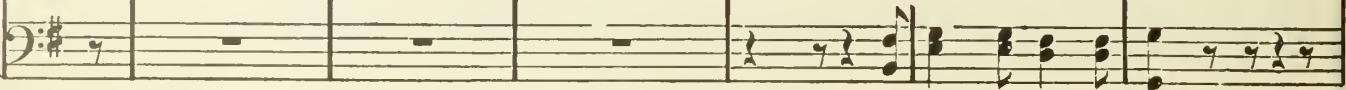
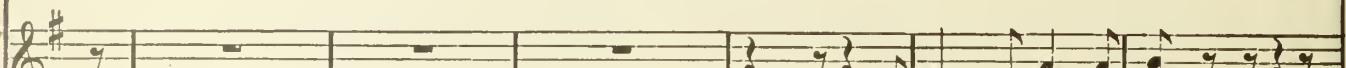


How - ev - er could you do it! Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al-though no creature knew it, 80

TENORS & BASSES.



How - ev - er could you do it! Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it, Al-though no creature knew it, 80



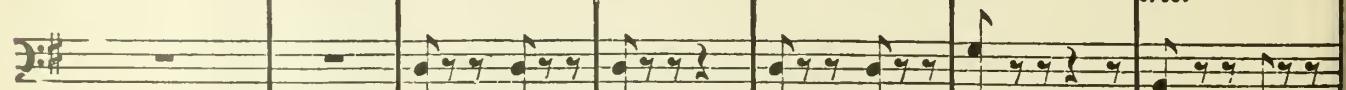
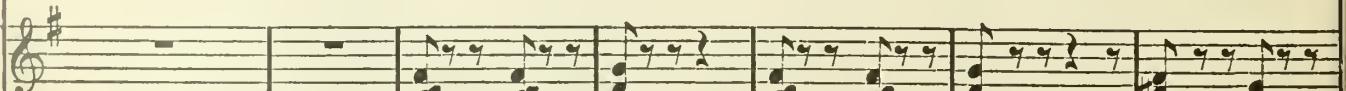
In time each lit - tle waif For-sook his fos - ter - mother; The well-born babe was



ma - ny years a - go!



ma - ny years a - go!



cres.

Ralph— Your cap - tain was the other!

They left their fos - ter - mother, The one was Ralph, our

They left their fos - ter - mother, The one was Ralph, our

LITTLE BUTTELOUP.

p rall.

A ma - ny years a - go!

brother, Our captain was the other, A ma - ny years a - go!

cres. *p* rall.

brother, Our captai' was the other, A ma - ny years a - go!

*a tempo.**p*

SIR JOSEPH. Then I am to understand that Captain Cororan and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey!

SIR JOSEPH. Dear me! Let them appear before me, at once!

(RALPH enters as CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN as a common sailor. JOSEPHINE rushes to his arms.)

JOS. My Father—a common sailor!

CAPT. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

SIR JOSEPH. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (To RALPH.) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH. Corcoran, come here.

CAPT. If what? If you *please*!

SIR JOSEPH. Perfectly right. If you *please*! RALPH. Oh! If you *please*! (CAPTAIN steps forward.)

SIR JOSEPH. (To CAPTAIN.) You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPTAIN. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT. So it seems, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT. Don't say that, your honor; love levels all ranks.

SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.)

0 BLISS! O RAPTURE!

No. 20a.

Recitative.

JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE.

O bliss! O rap-ture!

RALPH.

Here, take her sir; and mind you treat her kind-ly! O bliss! O rap-ture!

SIR J. PORTER.

O.....bliss! O rap-ture!

SIR JOSEPH.

O.....bliss! O rap-ture! Sad my lot and sor-ry, What shall I do? I can-not live a - lone.

CHORUS.

HEBE.

What will he do? He can -not live a - lone. Fear nothing, While I live I'll not de - sert you; I'll

SIR JOSEPH.

HEBE.

soothe and com-fort your de - clin - ing days. No, don't do that. Yes, in - deed, I'd ra - ther.

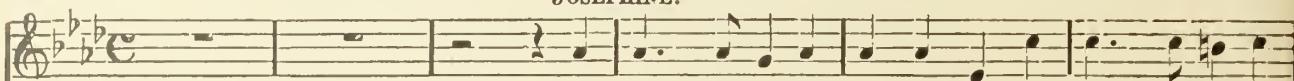
SIR JOSEPH. (Resigned.)

To - mor - row morn our vows shall all be plight-ed, Three lov - ing pairs on the same day r - ni - ted.

OH JOY, OH RAPTURE.

No. 21.

JOSEPHINE.



Oh joy, oh rapture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is
COUSIN HEBE.



Oh joy, oh rapture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is
RALPH.



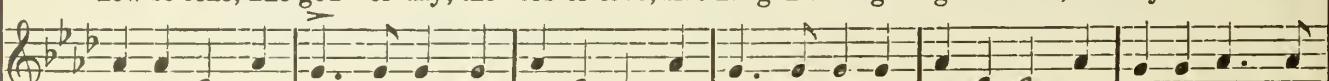
Oh joy, oh rapture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is
DEADEYE.



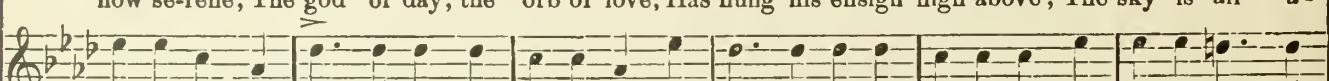
Oh joy, oh rapture un - for - seen ! The cloud - ed sky is



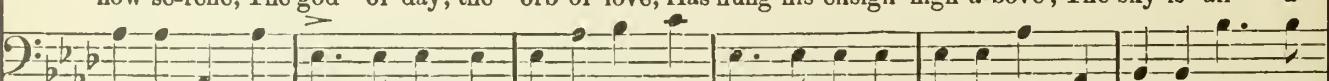
now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high a-bove ; The sky is all a-



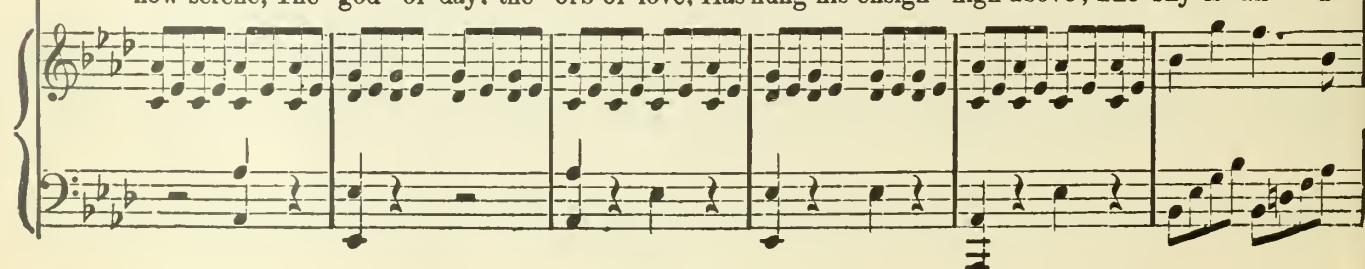
now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above ; The sky is all a-



now se-rene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high a-bove ; The sky is all a-



now serene, The god of day, the orb of love, Has hung his ensign high above ; The sky is all a-



blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the
 blaze. We'll chase the lag-ging hours a-long, And if he finds the
 blaze. With wooing words and lov-ing song They'll chase the lagging hours a-long, And if he finds the
 blaze. With wooing words They'll chase the lagging hours a-long, And if he finds the

cres. maid - encoy, We'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de -
 maid - encoy, They'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de -
cres. maid - en coy, We'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - - - y roun - de -
 maid - encoy, He'll mur - mur forth de - co - rous joy, In dream - y roun - - de-lays, in roun - de -

lays.
lays.
lays.
CAPTAIN C.
lays. For he is the captain of the *Pin-a-fore*, And a right good cap-tain too! And
CHORUS.
CAPTAIN C.
lays. For he is the captain of the *Pin-a-fore*, And a right good cap-tain too! And
CHORUS OF MEN.
CHORUS OF MEN.
CHORUS OF MEN.
CAPTAIN C. (Turning to But.)
CAPTAIN C. (Turning to But.)
CAPTAIN C. (Turning to But.)
tho' be -fore his fall He was cap -tain of us all, He's a mem -ber of the crew. I shall

mar - ry with a wife In my hum - ble rank of life! And you, my own, are she. I must

CHORUS OF MEN.

wan - der to and fro, But where - e - ver I may go, I shall ne - ver be untrue to thee! What,

CAPTAIN C.

CHORUS OF MEN.

CAPTAIN C.

CHORUS OF MEN.

never? No, ne - ver! What never? Hardly e - ver! Hardly e - ver be un - true to

TENORS. only.

thee. Then give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for - mer cap - tain of the Pin - a - fore, Then

Give three cheers, and one cheer more For the for - mer cap - tain of the Pin - a - fore, Then

p

f

con 8va

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

give three cheers, and one cheer more For the captain of the *Pinafore*
For he
give three cheers, and one cheer more For the captain of the *Pinafore*

con 8va

loves lit - tle But - ter - cup, dear lit - tle But - ter - cup, Though I could ne - ver tell why ;

p

..... But still he loves But - ter - cup, poor lit - tle But - ter - cup, Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup, aye.

Tutti. CHORUS. f

For he loves lit - tle Butter-cup, dear lit - tle Butter-cup, Though I could nev - er telh why;

SIR J. PORTER.

But still he loves Butter-cup, dear n - tle Butter-cup, sweet lit - tle Butter-cup, aye! I'm the

monarch of the sea, And when I've mar - ried thee, I'll be true to the de - vo - tion that my
Stringendo molto.

COUSIN HEBE.

love implants, Then good - bye to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts, Es - pe- cial- ly your cousins, Whom you

reck-on up by doz-ens. Then good-bye to your sis-ters, and your cou-sins, and your aunts, Es-TENORS & BASSES.

Then good-bye to your sis-ters, and your cou-sins, and your aunts, Es-
Vivace.

- pe-cial-ly your cou-sins, Whom you reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts!..... For he

- pe-cial-ly your cou-sins, Whom you reck-on up by doz-ens, and your aunts!..... For he

is an Eng-lish-man!.... For he him-self has said it,

is an Eng-lish-man!.... For he him-self has said it,

And it's

That he

And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -
 And it's great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish -

That he

man,.... That he is an Eng - lish - man!
 man,.... That he is an Eng - lish - man!

8va.....

(Curtain.)

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